Pat. Out gall. *Ther.* Finch egge.
Achil. My ſweet *Patroclus* I am thwarted quite,
From my great purpoſe into morrow es battell,
Here is a letter from Queene *Hecuba*;
A token from her daughter my faire loue
Both taxing me,and gaging me to keepe:
An oth that I haue ſworne: I wil not breake it,
Fall Greekes, fayle fame, honour or go or ſtay,
My *maior* vow lies here;this ile obay,
Come,come,*Therſites* help to trim my tent?
This night in banquetting muſt al be ſpent,away *Patroclus*.
Ther. With to much bloud,and to little braine, theſe two may run mad,but if with to much braine and to little bloud they do ile be a curer of mad-men,her's *Agamemnon*,an honeſt fellow inough, and one that loues quailes, but hee has not ſo much braine as eare-wax, and the goodly tranſformation of *Iupiter* there, his be the Bull,the primitiue ſtatue, and oblique memorial of cuck-olds,a thrifty ſhooing-horne in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte, turne him to: to an Aſſe,were nothing hee is both Aſſe and Oxe,to an Oxe were nothing, her's both Oxe and Aſſe,to be a day,a Moyle,a Cat,a Fichooke,a Tode,a Lezard, an Oule, a Puttock, or a Herring without a rowe. I would not care, but to bee *Menelaus* I would conſpire againſt deſteny, aske me what I would be,if I were not *Therſites*, for Icare not to be the Louſe of a Lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*---hey-day ſprites and fires.

Enter Agam: Vliſſes,Neſt:and Diomed with lights.

Aga. We go wrong we goe wrong.
Aiax. No,yonder tis there where we ſee the lights.
Hect. I trouble you. *Aiax.* No not a whit:
Vliſ. Here comes himſelfe to guide you.
Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*,welcome Princes all.
Aga. So now faire Prince of Troy,I bid God night,
Aiax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greekes generall.
Mene. Good night my Lord.

Hect.

Hect. Good night ſweet Lord *Menelaus*.
Ther. Sweet draught,ſweet quoth a,ſweet ſinke,ſweet ſure
Achil. Good night and welcome both to thoſe that go o
tarry. *Aga.* Good night. *Exeunt Agam: Menelau*
Achil. Old *Nector* tarries,and you to *Diomed*.
Keepe *Hector* company an houre or two.
Dio. I cannot Lord,I haue important buſineſſe,
The tide whereof is now, good night great *Hector*.
Hect. Giue me your hand.
Vliſ. Follow his torch,he goes to *Calcas* tent,ile keepe y
company. *Troy.* Sweet ſir you honor me?
Hect. And ſo good night. *Exeunt.*
Achil. Come,come,enter my tent.
Ther. That ſame *Diomeds* a falſe hearted roague,a moſt
iuſt knaue, I will no more truſt him when hee leeres, the
will a ſerpent when hee hiſſes,hee will ſpend his mouth a
promiſe like brabler the hound, but when he performes,
tronomers foretell it, it is prodigious, there will come ſo
change, the Sonne borrowes of the Moone when *Di*
keepes his word, I will rather leaue to ſee *Hector* then
to dog him,they ſay hee keepes a Troyan drab, and vſes
traytor *Calcas* tent. Ile after---nothing but letchery al
continent varlots. *Enter Diomed.*
Dio. What are you vp here ho? ſpeake? *Chal.* Who c
Dio. *Diomed*,*Chalcas* I thinke wher's your daughter?
Cal. She comes to you.
Vliſ. Stand,where the torch may not diſcouer vs.
Troy. *Creſſid* comes forth to him. *Enter Creſſi*
Dio. How now my charge.
Creſ. Now my ſweet gardian,harke a word with you
Troy. Yea ſo familiar?
Vliſ. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.
Ther. And any man may ſing her,if hee can take her
ſhe's noted. *Dio.* Will you remember?
Cal. Remember yes: (your
Dio. Nay but do then and let your minde be couple
Troy. What ſhall ſhe remember. *Vliſ.* Liſt?
Creſ. Sweet hony Greeke tempt me no more to fo